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ESTHER MALCOLM'S STORY.

My father returned home one afternoon, earlier than usual. I was sitting at the window at work, and looked up when I heard the little garden gate opened, and then shut with a sharp click.

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There was a strange mingling of pleasure and pain in my father's looks; and though he seemed to hurry up the garden path, he lingered. I could not make it out.

"You have succeeded better to-day, my

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dear," said my mother, when he entered the room.

"Yes, Lucy—perhaps," he answered, hesitatingly; "I do not know what to say about that. No; I do not know that I have," he added hastily.

My father was a mercantile clerk in search of employment. A few months before, he had been ill, and we feared he would die; but God spared him. When sufficiently recovered to return to business, he found his situation filled up, and he was cast on his own resources.

These resources, alas! were very slender. His illness had sadly diminished them; and the prospect of a dreary winter approaching, and he unemployed, filled him with natural concern.

Our family was not large. It had been larger; but death had once and again entered it. One brother only and myself were left. Harry was younger than I. He was about sixteen, and had left school just as my father's illness commenced; and here was another item in our dear parents' anxiety. Harry had been educated for counting-house life; but we had few friends—none who could assist us in this matter; and he too was unemployed.

My father had made many efforts, had advertised and answered advertisements, had sought and obtained interviews with employers, had seemed at times within reach of what he sought and needed, but some fatality appeared to attend his efforts. He was too late, or too early, or not young enough; or he was ignorant of some indispensable foreign language. Those only who have been similarly circumstanced know how many incidents go to make up a successful application, and how little, for a time at least, success seems to depend on proved efficiency and unblemished character.

Let this pass for an explanation; or shall I say further, that our home was in one of the populous suburbs of London; and that, as a teacher of music to little girls, I was doing the best I could, and it was but little, towards my self-support. Farther than this, alas! I had no power.

"I do not understand you, William," said my mother, in rejoinder to my father's somewhat contradictory information. "But I fear you have been again disappointed."

My father did not immediately reply; and we soon afterwards sat down to tea.

"I have had a liberal offer to-day, Lucy," said my father presently—"or what appears to be such; but it must rest with you whether I can accept it or not." There was a mournful tone in his voice, I thought; and I wondered at this, for generally he was cheerful and hopeful.

"How can it depend on me?" my mother asked.

"For how long would you agree to part with me?" said my father.

"To part, William!" and my mother's countenance was shaded with anxiety. "You do not mean, by your going abroad?"

"Even so, my dear. I can, if I please, sail next month for India on business which, at the shortest, will take up three years. The terms, as I said, are liberal; but I shall not go without your consent."

My mother heard in silence; she only asked,

"When must you decide, William?" and was told that my father must give his answer to-morrow.

That was a sorrowful evening to us all. Before we separated for the night, and when we were by ourselves, I said to my mother, "You will not let dear papa go, will you?"

She was a kind and indulgent mother, and fondly devoted to our father; she was also a prudent, thoughtful woman. "I dare not answer your question, Esther," she said. "You must wait till to-morrow, to know how we have decided."

I laid awake that night for many hours. The painful possibility of the long separation which seemed to threaten us filled me with dismay. I could hear, too, the voices of my father and mother in the room below: a gentle murmuring sound it was, but it prevented me from sleeping. I heard my father, too, in solemn, earnest prayer; and then there was a short silence. They had been in consultation I knew, and I longed to know what the result should be. It was long past midnight when I heard their steps on the stairs, and saw the passing glimmer of their light through the chinks of my unlatched door, as they went softly by. When the house was quite still, I sunk into a troubled slumber.

The next day their decision was communicated to Harry and me. It was what we feared. My father thought it right to accept the appointment, and my mother had consented.

We had no time to waste in unavailing regrets: we had to prepare for my father's departure, and he to make the best arrangements in his power for our support during his long absence. A small sum of money in hand, and an order upon his new employers for a quarterly advance, to be deducted from his salary, seemed to insure us from the dread of destitution; and we hoped, too, that Harry would soon obtain employment. Thus far all was well.

The day of parting came. It was very painful; but we determined to accompany my father to the docks, where he was to embark; and there we stood, a little family group, on the crowded deck of the ship, taking our last farewell—a very sorrowful one; for how probable it was that we were then parting never again to meet in this world. My father tried to console us and keep up our spirits; but it was easy to see how much he himself needed to be cheered.

You may think that we had neither sight nor hearing for anything transpiring around us; yet, in that painful half-hour, we slightly noticed another group, somewhat like our own, on another part of the deck. There were a middle-aged couple, a younger man, and two fair girls. They, like us, were evidently deeply affected: there was to be a parting there. Presently the group was broken up. I saw the elderly gentleman in conversation with the captain of the ship; and then, gently leading his wife to the ship's side, they disappeared. The younger gentleman and one of the girls followed, and the sister stood alone on deck weeping, though striving courageously to suppress her tears, while she waved her last adieu to her friends. She, then, was to be a passenger, and a solitary one. In a short time the captain approached her, and kindly leading her away, they vanished from our

sight. All this came to my memory afterwards; at that time, though the scene passed before my eyes, I little regarded it.

Then came our final parting, the last blessing, the last counsel, the last whispered, heart-breathed prayer, the last kiss from a father's lips, which had never uttered a word but in kindness and love.

A few hours later, and the ship was far down the river, and we who remained were passing a dream-disturbed night in our lonely home.

After this, for some months, we went on much as before my father left us. My mother had enough to employ her at home, and I with my music lessons. As to poor Harry, he could get nothing to do, and his face began to wear a look of premature anxiety. We did not become reconciled to my father's absence, and we thought much of the long time which must elapse before we could again meet; but time softens even the pangs of separation, and we were not so unhappy as had been predicted. Our greatest trial, perhaps, was on poor Harry's account.

We had had two or three letters from my father, in which he spoke hopefully of his prospects, and cheerfully of his health and comfort on ship-board. The first was written before the ship left the channel, the next, and the next after that, were written on the voyage, and sent to us by homeward-bound ships. Then came a long silence, and after that—when we had begun to conjure up a host of imaginary fears—a long and welcome letter.

My father had landed in safety, and was fully engaged in the business which had taken him abroad. He was well, too, and comparatively unaffected by the climate. All this was a cause for thankfulness. But though safe when the letter was written, my father had been in great peril. The latter part of the voyage had been disastrous. The ship in which he sailed had encountered heavy gales and storms, and had been nearly lost. For many hours, my father wrote, almost all hope of seeing another morning dawn was given up by both passengers and crew; but the danger was averted and the ship saved.

In his former letters he had mentioned that among his fellow-passengers was a young lady with whom he was much interested. Excepting that she had been placed under the captain's protection, Miss Herbert was solitary and unfriended. He described her manners as very modest and winning, and her tone of conversation superior to that of the passengers in general. My father said that Miss Herbert's loneliness had first touched his sympathy, for he thought of his Esther, as placed under the same circumstances; and he had offered such attentions as an elderly gentleman might with propriety and courtesy show to a young stranger lady. They were received gratefully, and after a time my father and the young lady had become to each other as father and daughter. Miss Herbert was going out to India as governess in an English family of rank and station in Calcutta. My father's destination was Madras.

The events of the fearful night had increased my father's interest in Mary Herbert, by calling forth his admiration of her fortitude and faith in divine love and protection. While others abandoned themselves to despair, she was pale and

shrinking indeed, but calm and composed. Through all the danger my father was by her side, but not, he said, so much to support her as to witness the power of faith in the prospect of sudden and awful death. Thus much for Miss Herbert, of whom we sometimes talked when talking of my father—for his letters had awakened an interest in her fortunes; and then it was that I remembered the parting on board the ship, and wondered whether the young lady I had seen was the Miss Herbert of my father's story.

My father had been away from us about a year, when a cloud arose which threatened us with ruin. One evening Harry came home, pale and agitated. I should say that he had at length succeeded in obtaining employment in an attorney's office; but his salary was very small, and his situation merely temporary.

"Harry, dear, what is the matter?" asked our mother, anxiously.

"Have you heard anything from Mortimer and Hughes to-day, mother?" he said, hastily. Mortimer and Hughes was the firm for which our father was engaged.

"Mortimer and Hughes!" exclaimed my mother, with increased alarm: "is it any ill tidings of your father?" she demanded, hurriedly.

"No, mother, no; it is not that: but Mortimer and Hughes have failed—their names are in to-day's Gazette."

Our sensations were at first those of blissful relief from the suffocating apprehension which Harry's first words had caused. Not that we thought with indifference of the commercial failure; but we had fully expected that Harry had been charged with tidings of death. When, however, we began to think calmly of the intelligence, our spirits sunk within us.

The next morning my mother hastened to the city, and our worst apprehensions were confirmed. Not only was my father's mission at an end, but he would be left without employment in India, and unprovided even with the means of returning home. Our income was also, and of course, suddenly cut off. It was a hard case, my mother was told by the bankrupts' assignees, but it could not be helped. There might eventually be something secured for us; but they gave little hope even of this, for the firm was deeply involved, and the dividend would be very small.

My mother was not apt to give way to despondency. She had that happy confidence in God's superintending and fatherly care which nothing could effectually and permanently displace, founded as it was on the promises of the gospel; and that support did not fail her now. The burden was not removed, but she was helped to bear it; and her example inspired us, her children, with courage and energy.

We began by retrenching our hitherto comparatively small expenses, and I exerted myself to extend my limited connection, so as to be fully employed in teaching. As to dear Harry, he mourned over his helplessness. The small remuneration he received for his occasional services in the attorney's office was not sufficient for his own support. Even this was at length withdrawn, and he was again unemployed.

I had obtained one new pupil. It was at some distance from home, but this was of small importance compared with the additional weekly half-crown which it added to our income. One morning, in walking to Mrs. Lascelles', my new patroness, I was caught in a hasty and heavy shower of rain. It vexed me sadly. How little did I think that that very unwelcome shower would be the means of deliverance from threatening poverty!

Mrs. Lascelles was a motherly, kind lady; and when she found that her little girl's music teacher had walked through the rain, and was very wet, she insisted on my drying my garments by the parlour fire before I gave the lesson. She offered me cake and wine also, and made me take it too—"to keep the cold out," as she said.

The operations of drying my frock and sipping the glass of wine were not completed when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady was introduced, whom Mrs. Lascelles at once received as an intimate friend, without the formality of an announcement.

"I was not coming to see you to-day," said the stranger, "but this unexpected shower has driven me to take refuge."

I was puzzled with the lady's looks. It seemed as though the countenance were not altogether unknown to me, though I could not imagine where or when I had seen it. It was an elderly countenance, very pleasant to look upon, though marked here and there with lines which told of past trials, I thought.

I was about to retire, when Mrs. Lascelles stayed me. "Do not run away, Miss Malcolm. I am sure you cannot be dry yet; and it is a serious thing for young ladies, you know, or for old ladies either," she added, with a pleasant smile, "to catch cold. You must not go, indeed, till you are quite ready; Mrs. Herbert and I have no secrets to talk over."

MRS. HERBERT! I remembered it all—the parting scene on ship-board. This was the lady I had seen, sorrowfully bidding farewell to her daughter: she was the mother of my dear father's fellow voyager. How strange! I thought; and I looked into the lady's face.

She was regarding me earnestly also.

"Miss Malcolm!" she repeated. "My dear young lady, pardon my curiosity: do your friends live in London?"

"My mother and brother, madam," I replied; "but my father is abroad."

"In India?" asked the lady.

"Yes; he sailed more than a year ago," I said.

"In what ship did he go out?" Mrs. Herbert inquired; and her voice, I thought, trembled slightly. I gave the name of the ship, and the name also of the captain.

"I am glad, I am very glad, to have met you, Miss Malcolm," she said tenderly; and she took me kindly by the hand. "You do not know," she added, "how much I am indebted to your kind father, though I have never seen him, and how sorry Mr. Herbert and I have been not to have known your mother's direction, so that we could not call on her to express our gratitude. You must let us do so now."

Then Mrs. Herbert went on to tell her friend how her dear Mary had found such a pleasant

companion and kind protector during her voyage, and that in her letters she spoke of him as her good step-father, and how that same friend was Mr. Malcolm, my father. She said, too, that her daughter was well and happy when she last wrote; which I was pleased to hear; for, as I said, we had taken an interest in her.

Mrs. Herbert asked me no more questions then, except that she noted down our address; and we soon separated, she going homewards when the rain had ceased, and I to my pupil. A few days afterwards, however, she called upon my mother.

Half an hour's conversation sufficed to banish from their minds the idea that they had been lifelong strangers to each other. There was a bond of sympathy in the circumstances which had brought them together—the dear ones who were far away. There was another bond of sympathy: each had passed through many domestic sorrows, and had been supported under them. And there was yet a third, and a stronger bond—that which unites heart to heart, in Christian love. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

My mother lightly touched upon her present sources of anxiety, her uncertainty respecting my father's prospects, the loss of income arising from the bankruptcy of his employers, and my brother Harry's want of occupation. Mrs. Herbert spoke a few words of encouragement and hope, and then she departed.

We did not suppose we should know any more of our visitor, now that she had performed her errand; but we were mistaken. Only a few days afterwards, my mother received a short note—Would Mr. Henry Malcolm call on Mr. Herbert, at a certain office in the city, at a certain hour the next day?

Harry went of course; and he returned in high spirits. Mr. Herbert had heard of a situation—a clerkship—which my brother was well qualified to fill. He had introduced Harry, and all preliminaries were arranged. The salary was liberal, so liberal as to be sufficient for the reduced expenses of our home: dear Harry thought it magnificent. Mr. Herbert was of course, in his estimation, one of the pleasantest gentlemen Harry had ever met.

My brother went day after day to the counting-house, and I to my pupils, to whom two others were added by the recommendation of kind Mrs. Lascelles: and if it had not been for our uncertainty about dear father, we should have been very happy. But some months passed, and we did not hear from him.

At length came a letter; it contained good news. My father had indeed been put to much inconvenience by the failure of his employers; but he had entered into another engagement, and was prospering. He remitted money to us, which happily we did not urgently need, thanks to good Mr. Herbert's exertions for Harry; and the only drawback to the pleasure of the letter was the uncertainty of his return to England.

POSTSCRIPT. Why should there not be a postscript to a lady's story, as well as to a lady's letter? Four years have passed away since my father arrived in India. He is not there now; he is on his passage home. We expect him next

month; and my dear mother is rather nervous when the wind is high, otherwise she is well and happy. Harry is gay as a lark; his salary has twice been advanced; and his employers have promised him another advance at Christmas. At Christmas I suppose I must give up teaching music: so George Herbert tells me; and I—I have promised. We are very friendly indeed with the Herberts; and Mary, who came home last year with the family in which she is governess, and who is a lovely, affectionate, simple-hearted girl, says that we two ought to be sisters.

I wonder how many of these later events would have taken place, and how many of our bright hopes would have beamed, if my father's sympathies had centred in himself.

A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

I AM reclining on a shelving bank, broken into little tufty mounds and grassy hollows, which slopes down from a height of little less than a hundred feet towards the sea. The grass among which I am stretched almost supine has not been mown this summer, and it is now the close of August, and in all probability it is never mown at all. It grows higher than my head, in some places, when I stand upright, and it is mingled here and there with stalks of bearded wheat and a species of wild barley and tall thistles in full bloom, around all and each of which the bindweed is seen twining lovingly, and displaying its round, white, trumpet-shaped blossom. The smell of the wild thyme mingles with the soft breeze, beneath whose touch the long grass rustles with a gentle whisper; the bees are buzzing incessantly among the thistle-blossoms; the grasshoppers are chirping with a persistency that knows no pause; the small birds are twittering their sharp and joyous notes; and high aloft the full-throated lark pours forth a torrent of rapturous music that comes down like a flood upon the earth. Beneath, and far away to the distant horizon, stretches out the glassy sea with not a ripple on its breast, save where, close in shore, the sluggish swell comes heaving lazily over the pebbly beach, and dashes its white curling breakers with heavy, sullen, and continuous murmur on the strand. And over all shines the hot and brilliant sun of an August day without a cloud.

Away to the left, at the distance of a couple of miles or so, lies the quiet watering-place, from whose tranquil embrace I have wandered forth this morning to gaze upon the broad disk of ocean and catch its health-inspiring breath. The long pier, which stretches nearly a mile out into the brine, shows at this distance like some monster millipede stopped in the attempt to crawl over a surface of polished crystal by some insurmountable obstacle. The straggling houses, among which the motionless vanes of a windmill are pre-eminently conspicuous, compressed by distance into the appearance of a solid group, give an aspect to the little town very different to the reality. The quiet watering-place is not by any means such a sociable congregation of the dwellings of man as we are accustomed to designate by the denomination of a town or by any synonymous

term. It is in fact more suggestive, though on a small scale, of an American city which has never been erected, or an Egyptian city which went to ruin some thousands of years ago; wide chasms of desert, arid grass and weedy stunted barley, lie between the sundered streets and terraces; the ruins of a church that never was built stand in a square that never was inclosed; and plots of ground intended for the habitations of a generation which has almost vanished away remain plots of ground still.

But the quiet watering-place has many charms for me, and, judging from the well-dressed crowd which at this moment I can see thronging the beach, it has substantial charms for thousands more. I love to escape at times from the artificial life of this moiling and multifaced metropolis, and to revel (if such a word is applicable to the tranquil delights of the place) in the contrast it affords. In the quiet watering-place, all around is in marked and striking opposition to the din and roar and pretence of emulative London. The whole town is perpetually tranquil and peaceful, as though it were asleep; it is coachless, cabless, carriageless, busless, horseless, assless, and, with the exception of an isolated invalided poodle, brought hither for change of air, dogless. Thus there are no echoes in the silent streets, with the exception of those produced by the tinkling bell of the town-crier, and his subdued, unpretending voice. This man, the most remarkable of the only two public functionaries I have been able to discover, may be said to occupy a distinguished position in the little straggling town. In consequence of the place not possessing a single printer, nor, as a matter of course, that moist satellite of the printer, the bill-sticker, there is not so much as the wreck of a single placard to be discerned on the walls and hoardings, abundant as they are; no public announcements, no puffs, no auction-bills; in short, none of those media for the gratuitous diffusion of knowledge which render London one vast seminary for the instruction of the rising generation. The very announcements of "a concert this evening" at the Assembly Rooms, under the direction of the Signor and Signora Squallini, which I saw this morning displayed in the stationer's window and at the door of my hotel, are written in round text hand by Master Somebody, with a pen that *wouldn't* spell and that *would* spurtle. So it happens that the town-crier being the only link of communication between the public and the individual, his bell is continually tinkling, and his voice, which from overwork is grown rather thready and indistinct, is continually articulating the news of the hour. From having been a long time almost monopolised by the fishmonger, who has most frequently need of his services, the worthy man has acquired a habit of at times awkwardly concluding his proclamations with the words "fresh every day," which, however appropriate in the case of dabs, flounders, crabs, lobsters, soles, and other members of the finny and scaly tribes, we take the liberty of suggesting would be as well omitted on the occasion of announcing the melancholy fact of a body being washed ashore.

The other public functionary is an individual as taciturn as the crier is oracular. He disappears in

the day, but at night he may be encountered wandering the silent streets, himself as silent as a ghost, and armed like an avenger of blood. He has undertaken the defence of the town by night, and in order to be ready for any instantaneous demand upon his valour, he carries a drawn sword, nursing it like a babe; and happily we are in a condition to state that it is innocent of slaughter as ever was a babe at the breast.

I could lie here all day, listening to the song of the lark and the song of the sea—that wondrous treble and glorious bass which harmonize so well together—looking down on the beach, where gentlemen in wide-awakes, ladies in broad-brimmed bonnets of antique fashion, revived as sun-screens, and children with sunburnt faces and fat naked legs, are chattering, laughing, reading, or watching the exploits of the bathers in the brine. There a child is sending up messengers to his kite, steadied in the air at the end of half a mile of string, while grandpapa smokes his meerschau, and cuts the paper missives which one after another go fluttering upwards. Yonder a boy is telescoping a distant steamer coming round the point, and which in an hour's time will stop at the end of the long pier, and carry a hundred or more of the visitors of the quiet watering-place back to busy London. About a stone's-throw from where I lie a couple of young ladies, bosom friends, have retired together with a favourite book, which one of them reads aloud to the other, and I can distinguish by the measured cadence of her voice that it is poetry she reads, and from the pathetic tones that reach my ear, that it is a tale of suffering and sorrow that has fascinated them with its charms.

But I am bound for those two tall towers yonder, on the margin of the coast, and must be up from this dreamy rest, and pursue my way. After a walk of a mile I come upon a coast-guard station, where a couple of black-boarded cottages and a tall signal-staff overlook a long line of the coast as well as the broad expanse of water. The bench is accessible by a shelving, grassy slope, in places rather rough and precipitous, and dangerous in the dark; but among them an invisible pathway winds down to the shore; and lest he who treads it by night should mistake his way, it is marked out for him by broad stones, placed at regular intervals, having their upper surfaces washed with lime as white as snow; which reminds us of a practice which prevails among the shepherds of the French plains, who use, for the same purpose of guidance by night, the bleached skulls of dead animals, and of wolves especially, when they are fortunate enough to slay them.

Continuing my walk, the sister towers, connected together by a pointed gable, reaching halfway to their summits, loom larger and larger as I approach. I find, as I stand beneath their shadows, that they are the remains of an old church, the body of which has been moved away in consequence of the encroachments of the sea, which at this spot has made such inroads upon the churchyard that many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" adjoining have been washed out of their graves by the salt brine. The Trinity House of Deptford Strond have purchased the towers, which they have fortified against the

assaults of the sea, and retain them for a landmark. The latest date which I can discover on the surrounding tombstones marks the year 1737, so that it would appear that more than a century has elapsed since this spot was used as a village burial-ground. There is another church, standing about half-a-mile inland, built from the materials of the old one, and it is there that for the last few generations the villagers have worshipped when living, and reposed when dead. But here, at this moment, some labourers are digging a grave, or rather a pit of a very ungravelly form.

"Is that a grave you are digging?" I inquire.

"It be, sir," says one of the labourers, "though 'taint a very good shape."

"I thought this was no longer used for a burial-ground."

"No more it be, sir, 'sept for drowned people. Bodies washed ashore is buried here, and this grave is for a gentleman as was washed ashore last week. You are standin' on the grave of another as was washed ashore last summer."

"Do you know who this gentleman was?"

"No, sir; there have been a many people down from London to look at him; but he ain't owned, and he'll be buried to night."

As we talked, a fair-haired child of six years old was amusing herself with a blackened skull—opening and shutting the "cavernous jaws," and prattling to it in innocent unconsciousness of mortality and its natural dreads—the mother looking on with an expression in her face that seemed, in spite of her evident want of culture, to take in the whole philosophy of the business.

"Give it to mammy, Annie dear," she said.

"Won't bite Annie!" said the child, and clapped the fleshless jaws together with a rattling sound which evidently pleased her.

The mother took it away, and covered it with the loose earth, and pressing the child to her bosom, carried it off to her cottage.

I left the unfinished grave of the unknown dead whom the sea had cast up, and strolled homewards by an inland route. I passed through some pleasant villages, and met the loaded harvest wains in narrow lanes, and read in a hundred faces the joy which the bountiful produce of the earth had kindled there. But the thought of the solitary and unclaimed dead whom the sea, whose voice was ever in my ears, had cast up, followed me in my lonely walk, and when I got home to my quiet watering-place, and went to bed in my quiet inn, it seemed to me that the murmurs of the sad sea, as they lulled me to rest, were the solemn requiem for his departed life.

WATT AND THE STEAM ENGINE.

GENIUS is the property of no age and of no country. If Greece had her Homer, England has her Milton. If Ægina gave birth to Plato, Britannia has given birth to Bacon. If Alexandria could claim her Hero, Caledonia can boast of her Watt. The name of this distinguished Scot is inseparably associated with the application of steam to the highest and most practical ends. Though his parents were in a position to give him a comparatively liberal education, his delicate constitution

interposed a serious obstacle to his progress. His attendance at school was very irregular, and sometimes he was absent for several successive months. But what he lost in the class, he more than made up in the chamber. His mind was intensely active, and his habits of inquisitiveness opened to him the stores of knowledge; nor could he turn away from any subject of inquiry till he had completely mastered it. He needed only to be prompted, and to him everything became the beginning of a new and devoted study. Mathematics and mechanics were his favourite pursuits; nor was his father backward in providing him with the necessary means for the prosecution of those little experiments in which in early life he was engaged. Such was his application to study, that he speedily made himself acquainted with every branch and department of science.

It would be both interesting and instructive to sketch the life of this illustrious man from the time that he was engaged to a mathematical and nautical instrument maker in London, down to the period when he withdrew from business into the dignified ease and retirement of private life, that, in the circle of those whom he loved, he might enjoy that social intercourse in which he so truly delighted. To the last he preserved not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. It has been said, that he had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; that there was nothing of effort or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and that in the manners of no man could there have been a finer expression of reposing strength and of mild self-possession. We can easily conceive, therefore, with what emotions sir Walter Scott looked upon "the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving to the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise—affording means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but he was also one of the kindest of human beings." In his eighty-first year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man—surrounded by a little band of northern literati—"had his attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist; he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic—you would have said that the old man had studied

political economy and belles-lettres all his life. Of science it is unnecessary to speak; it was his own distinguished walk." From his wide and varied attainments he was fitted to move in any circle; and there was no circle in which he was not received as one of the higher types of our humanity. Literary honours and distinctions were conferred upon him in profusion. Shortly before his death, he was elected a member of the National Institute of France; and in quitting the world, he left behind him a reputation as unlimited as the domain of science or the empire of civilisation.

But it is not so much with the character of the man that we have to do, as with his inventions; nor so much with the details of those inventions, as with their application and practical working. His discoveries may be full of interest, as the mere fruits of genius; but when we think of their influence on civilisation, and science, and social happiness, we have a theme which challenges the highest efforts of eloquence, and which no force of eloquence can fully express.

There is scarcely a boy that occupies a form in one of our common public schools, that is not familiar with the steam-engine; but how few have reflected on the magnitude and the effects of its motive power. The expansive force of steam, in raising water or any other liquid body, by pressure, above its natural height, was known even before the Christian era. And though in France some few efforts were made to use steam for mechanical purposes; though about the middle of the seventeenth century, the marquis of Worcester constructed his semi-omnipotent engine, by which one volume of water rarefied by fire could drive up forty volumes of cold water; though thirty years afterwards Savary exhibited to the Royal Society his model of an engine for draining mines, and raising water to unusual heights; though Papin, the French engineer, improved upon Savary, by making the steam act through the cylinder and the piston; and though the ideas of both these men gave birth, in the mind of Newcomen, to a machine in which there was a distinct vessel for the generation of the steam, and which was intended to raise water from greater depths, it was not till the steam-engine came into the hands of Watt, that it took on that mighty and all but perfect form which resulted from his manifold improvements.

It is well known that water is converted into steam by the action of heat, and that a cubic inch of water, weighing rather more than 250 grains, may be turned into an equal weight of steam; while, in the act of transformation, it absorbs so much heat as to increase more than seventeen hundred times in bulk. In other words, a cubic inch of water may, at the boiling point, be converted into a cubic foot of steam, and it is this difference of bulk which gives us the true idea of the power of the steam-engine. And yet this expansion of the liquid body would be of little service, unless there were corresponding means of effecting a subsequent reduction of the steam. This reaction is produced by cold, which robs the steam of so much of its latent heat as to render it incapable of maintaining the vaporous form, and so reduces it again to water. But the steam once formed is, in Watt's engine, carried



FROM CHANTREY'S MONUMENT OF WATT, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

along a pipe into the cylinder, and passes through a valve so contrived as to regulate the quantity of steam admitted, according to the amount of power required. The cylinder is inclosed on all sides, having an internal piston, wholly shielded from the external air. The downward pressure of the air is lost, but, in lieu of it, steam is admitted above the piston as well as below. The cylinder is preserved constantly warm, and the condensation of the steam is effected in a separate cylinder, kept in a cistern of cold water. Supposing that steam admitted above the piston presses it down, a valve is then opened, by which the steam is conducted to the condenser and instantly cooled, whereby a vacuum is formed above the piston. Meanwhile steam is being admitted below the piston, and as the latter has now a vacuum above it, it is forced upwards by the pressure from beneath. The communication between the condenser and the upper part of the cylinder is then cut off, and another opened with the lower part, whereby another series of changes occur, the steam driving the piston upwards and downwards alternately. To the piston is attached a metallic rod, which shares the reciprocating motion given to the piston, and hence any machinery attached to the remote end of the piston-rod is thus moved to and fro through an equal space with great rapidity.

But let us turn to the motive power of this machine. In the arts it takes the lead of all other inventions. And if we think of the economy in time and labour and cost which it insures, its merits are literally unspeakable. It is ascertained that the steam power at present employed in the United Kingdom is equal to the labour of eight millions of men, or one million six hundred thousand horse-power. And if it be true that a horse requires eight times the quantity of food for producing food that a human being does, it follows that the food required for one million six hundred thousand horses would be equal to the food necessary for twelve millions eight hundred thousand men.

The draining machine of Newcomen, which was sent to Watt in 1763 for some repairs, he found to be a clumsy, noisy, inefficient apparatus; and in twenty years he had made and patented all those improvements which rendered his engine fit for those various and wondrous applications to which it is now devoted. But for these improvements, Britain could never have produced those manufactures which challenge the competition of the world, and find a market on the most distant shores. If human labour, or even horse-power, were employed instead of machinery, the manufactures could not be produced at so cheap a rate; or if the mechanism were less perfect, the article would be inferior in quality and in texture. "The

rapid growth and prodigious magnitude of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain are beyond all question the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of industry. Our command of the finest wool naturally attracted our attention to the woollen manufacture, and paved the way for that superiority in it to which we have long since attained; but when we undertook the cotton manufacture, we had comparatively few facilities for its prosecution, and had to struggle with the greatest difficulties." But discovery and mechanical genius came to our relief. And though little more than half a century has elapsed since the British cotton manufacture was in its infancy, it now forms the principal business carried on in this country, affording an advantageous field for the accumulation and employment of millions upon millions of capital, and thousands upon thousands of workmen! The skill and genius by which these astonishing results have been achieved have been one of the main sources of our power: they have contributed in no common degree to raise the British nation to the high and conspicuous place she now occupies. Nor is it too much to say, that it was the wealth and energy derived from the cotton manufacture that bore us triumphantly through a mighty national crisis, and which enables us to sustain weights that could not be supported by any other people. Nor can it but be intensely interesting to the more philanthropic and benevolent, to reflect how science, and discovery, and mechanical skill have progressively lightened our humanity of some of its heavier burdens, and relieved it from the pressure of toil and suffering. More than this: with the progress of invention and mechanical labour the resources of the country have increased; wealth, luxury, refinement, and social comfort, have all followed in the train.

As might have been expected, Newcomen's engines, which were used in all the mining districts, were soon supplanted by those of Watt; and, to say nothing of the efficient operation of the one in contrast with the other, such was the saving effected in time and labour, that the proprietors of the single mine of Chasewater, in the county of Cornwall, offered to pay 2500*l.* per annum to Watt and his partner for the use of each engine. This was equal to one-third of the value of the coal saved by the new apparatus; from which it would appear that hitherto no less a sum than 7500*l.* had been expended yearly in waste fuel. A mighty impulse was thus given to mining speculations. Not only were old mines, which could not be profitably worked in consequence of the heavy outlay in the consumption of fuel, made to yield a fair return, but new mines were opened, and the country beheld the workings of a power whose remoter applications and whose final achievements no one could foretell.

It was now the object of Watt to render his machine applicable to general purposes. He not only succeeded in making the engine move in a straight line instead of a curve; not only procured a double action by the alternate admission and condensation of steam above and below the cylinder, and so gave a twofold power for the same size of cylinder; but he conceived that one-third of the steam might be shut off from the boiler before the

stroke of the piston, whether upward or downward, was completed; since the expansive force of the two-thirds which were admitted, would be sufficient to perfect the rise or fall of the piston. Though Watt did not carry out this idea, it has since been effected; and, marvellous to say, there are machines in Cornwall which are worked on this principle of expansion, and by which a bushel of coals is made to perform the labour of twenty men working for ten successive hours, which is equivalent to performing a man's daily work at the cost of a single halfpenny. If Watt left this improvement to be carried out by others, his genius provided an apparatus, which he named the governor, by which to regulate the quantity of steam admitted from the boiler to the cylinder; and it is this regulator, and a skilful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch. It is this which confers on the steam-engine a working movement which is wholly free from irregularity, and by which it can weave the most delicate fabrics as well as communicate a rapid movement to the ponderous stone of a flour-mill. It may be true that in its application to mills and factories, steam is more expensive than water-power; but this is more than compensated by the ease and steadiness with which it is worked, as well as by its being independent of situation or season, of time or place.

There is no evidence that the idea of a rail ever entered the mind of Watt, in connection with his locomotive engine. That it might be employed on the common highway was as far as his thoughts reached. But what are now the achievements of railway transit! When stage-coach travelling was at its very height and perfection, it did not exceed ten miles an hour; so that the journey from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles, was never performed within the five hours. Now it can be done by steam locomotive in about two hours, or if we avail ourselves of the express train, within sixty minutes of time.

It is more than sixty years since the first steam-vessel in Europe was seen gliding over the bosom of the lovely Clyde; but now we can cross the Atlantic, and force our passage to the most distant shores of the globe. Nor can steam navigation be said to have yet reached its perfection. Its future development may throw its present triumphs into the shade, and be pregnant with results which no human reason can calculate or determine. At the beginning of the present century it was the labour of two men to throw off about two thousand sheets a day from the printing press; and now, by the application of steam, we can insure more than double the number in a single hour.

But space fails us to enumerate and describe the various applications of this wondrous motive power. What M. Arago predicted in his address on the claims and merits of Watt, to the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, has all been fulfilled. In the short period of a few weeks he has penetrated as far into the bowels of the earth as before his time would have required a hundred years of painful labour; he has there opened up spacious mines, and in a few minutes cleared them of immense volumes of water; has brought up to light those boundless stores of mineral wealth

which till then lay concealed in the virgin earth; has twisted those immense folds of gigantic cable by which the ship of the line embraces in safety her anchor in the midst of the tumultuous waves; has with this power united a delicacy which weaves the microscopic filaments of the delicate muslins and aerial lace; has brought swamps into culture, and rescued fertile countries from the most deadly miasm; has converted villages into towns, and covered the country with elegant mansions; and has advanced towns to large, beautiful, and wealthy cities, and given to England a world-wide empire!

The natural world is one grand storehouse of agencies and influences; nor can we believe that the investigation of physical forces has reached its final point. No one can foresee the ultimate limits or results of mechanical discovery and skill. Science is but in its infancy, and every scientific truth is being pressed into the service of man. There will be men of genius in time to come, as there have been men of genius in time past. But rich as England is in her scientific and mechanical genius, she is richer and mightier still in her moral and religious power; and it is on the faithful application and the true direction of this power, under God, that the nations are dependent for their regeneration, freedom, and happiness.

INSURANCES.—INSCRIPTIONS.—LAST WILLS.

In the name of God, Amen. Such used to be the commencement of the deed or instrument by which all insurances were effected on a vessel or its cargo. This might have had its origin in different sources. Some men had, and many still have, an objection to everything in the form or of the nature of insurance, conceiving it to be something allied to a game of chance, and the use of these words might seem a sort of antidote or set-off to such a notion. Or the practice might have a considerable spice of superstition in it, as sailors never like to go to sea on Friday, but always, if possible, on Sunday, when they have the benefit of the prayers of the church for all travellers by sea and land. Or it might spring from a spirit of real piety, desiring to acknowledge God in every solemn and important transaction, and taking him to witness as to the good faith and sincerity which accompanied the ratification of the agreement. The same feeling may also be supposed to have dictated the last sentence in every policy of insurance, which generally was, "And so God send the good ship to her port in safety."

We believe such phraseology is now discontinued in deeds of marine insurance; and in the case of life policies, where, with equal propriety, they might have been employed, we do not think they were introduced. Perhaps it is as well. Not that God ought not to be devoutly acknowledged in all our doings and undertakings. But such things, through the corruption and inconsiderateness of men, are not only apt to degenerate into mere form, but thereby to become, by the light and irreverent use of the Divine name, one of those modes of profanity and impiety by which the third commandment of the decalogue is so often vio-

lated. For the same reason, it is also right that the multitude of custom-house and other oaths which by law were so constantly required as to take away all their solemnity should have been abolished.

One, however, cannot help feeling respect for the convictions and the sentiments in which many of the practices of the olden time had their foundation. For example, we have two ancient stones, the one of which we built into the top of a window in our house, and the other at a corner of our garden, on which are carved the inscriptions, *Soli Deo honor et gloria*, and *Virtus pro divitiis*. These stones, no doubt, a century or two ago, supported the lintels of the doors in some house, the proprietor of which desired, at its erection, to record his devout wish that the dwelling might be consecrated to the honour and glory of God, and his conviction of a truth which he desired might be had in remembrance by his descendants, that *worth is better than wealth*. At the same time it might be the case, that these inscriptions were nothing better than the device of superstition in our forefathers, to keep away witches, fairies, and other unearthly and evil spirits from their habitations. In point of fact, we know that it was often so. In most instances they are the remnants of a time when, from superstitious fear, men used all manner of charms against enchantment, and protected themselves, as they vainly imagined, against the invasion of disease and the incursions of the monsters of the night.

This feeling belongs to all ages of ignorance, and has shown itself in all countries. The celebrated traveller, Mr. Layard, has given us, in the account of his researches in Syria, a description of certain bowls and cups that were found in the ruins of Babylon, and which are now in the British Museum, containing inscriptions which were evidently intended as a defence against evil spirits and every sort of misfortune. They are supposed to have been the work of the Jews during their captivity in Babylon; and as a specimen of their belief in witchcraft, and their adherence to the arts of the magician, they are not a little curious.

How thankful should we be if we have been delivered from such delusions, and have been taught in simple faith and humble reliance to commit ourselves, our families, and our habitations, to the care and keeping of him who slumbereth not nor sleepeth, who giveth his angels charge over us, and who is our refuge and our fortress, our God, in whom we may trust!

Referring to the occasions on which solemn expressions may be employed, we have often been impressed with this in the phraseology adopted in the framing of some people's wills or last testaments, when that has been done by themselves, or where the mere formal or technical style has not been followed throughout. Some recount, in terms of the most tender gratitude, the mercies of a long life, and humbly acknowledge the hand from which they came. Some, with words of great solemnity, commit their spirits to their God and Redeemer, and their bodies to the keeping of him who is the resurrection and the life. While others express their anxiety about their children, and in the most earnest manner give them some solemn charge, or some faithful injunction as to their plans and con-

duct in life. All this is sometimes very touching, nor can we think that on such an occasion it is out of place. Nay, we doubt not that counsels and warnings thus given may have in some instances produced an impression on the minds of survivors, which other means had failed to effect.

As a sequel to these reflections, we subjoin some passages from the last will and testament of a very worthy person, whose sound sense and good feeling must, we think, be appreciated by every well-ordered mind. It happened to pass accidentally through our hands, although we had no acquaintance with the party.

"I, A. B., residing in C., widow of the late D. E. of F., taking into consideration that a kind Providence had put it into the heart and mind of G., my eldest daughter, to devote her whole life to the welfare of the family gratuitously, and in particular to be the companion, the stay, and the comfort of her father and mother, during their many vicissitudes and trials. Considering also, that while all the other members of the family received provisions, and were enabled to enter into life for themselves, she, in undertaking the trouble of the domestic concerns, in duty and love to her father and mother, sacrificed every other consideration. Considering also, that but for her company and assistance during the long and helpless state of her father, my heart and my strength, humanly speaking, would have failed altogether. Considering farther, and still more particularly, that during my widowhood, for now about thirteen years, when increased age and declining health had come upon me, she has tenderly and affectionately watched over, attended, and assisted me, when I often found myself helpless indeed. And considering, therefore, that the only recompence for her great trouble, love, and affection I can make, is to leave to her my little all; my only regret being that I cannot reward her as I think she deserves. I desire, therefore, and do hereby assign, dispose, and leave and bequeath to my said eldest daughter, G. E., in case she survive me, all and sundry goods and gear, and sums of money, and every other thing, be it what it may, pertaining and belonging, or which may pertain or belong to me at the time of my death, and also all and whole the household furniture of every description, including bed and table linen, and silver plate, which may be in my possession at the time of my death. And such is my anxiety for my said daughter's comfort and well-being, and such my impression of her right to everything in the circumstances before mentioned, that if my other children will remember what they owe to their mother, and will obey and fulfil a mother's earnest wish and last request, they will never disturb, or seek to disturb, or call in question, the said G. E.'s right to the whole of the furniture and silver plate I now desire her to get; and I therefore desire that this my last wish be affectionately communicated to them immediately after my death. Declaring that in executing this deed in favour of my said daughter, I have not done so from any want of affection for the other members of my family, for I am quite satisfied with their conduct and affection towards myself, and desire to bear the same regard to them as to the said G. E."

A NIGHT WALK IN GREECE.

TRAVELLING in Greece is generally performed on horseback or on mules. The roads are infrequent and bad, extending only for a few miles round Athens, and thence to two or three of the principal towns, such as Thebes, Argos, and Nauplia. The traveller may therefore steer in any direction he pleases, making his route without much regard to highways or byways, and with more freedom than he could go on foot through fields from one village to another in England. Horses and a guide are generally hired for the whole journey; and, in addition to one for each rider and his servant, two or three are often led as pack-horses to carry the baggage and provisions. At night the traveller pitches his tent in some sheltered spot, avoiding low land, where he spreads his carpet, unrolls his mattress, lights his fire and cooks his supper; and in the morning, after performing his ablutions in the nearest stream, he refreshes himself with hot coffee, eggs, and whatever else his commissariat supplies, and continues his journey. During the hottest part of the day he generally halts, resting under the shade of an olive or orange grove, or stretching himself upon the rude hard benches of some village khan. Proceeding thus at the rate of three or four miles an hour, he usually accomplishes, between sunrise and sunset, a distance of from thirty to forty miles.

This, though somewhat romantic, and pleasant enough at first, is not a very lively or cheerful way of travelling. One gets very tired of sitting so long on horseback, and going so slowly. By way of change, therefore, my friend and I resolved, as we were about to visit Eleusis, to make our excursion there on foot, thinking that if we must needs walk, we might as well do so on four legs as on eight. Eleusis is only about thirty-six stadia, or nine miles, from Athens, but the extreme heat of a July sun rendered such an excursion dangerous, if not impossible by day; we therefore chose the night for travelling, and the day for resting and seeing the antiquities of the place to which we were bound.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when we left the city of Athens. The good people were retiring to their beds as we made our retreat from their narrow and ill-paved streets; and it was not without some feeling of regret that we turned our backs upon the scene of comparative comfort and repose which we had quitted, and bent our steps towards the gloomy range of mountains which were dimly visible before us. The sound of voices soon died away, the few lights here and there that marked the town behind us disappeared, and we were alone in the cheerless silence of a dark, starless night.

For a long time our road led us through olive groves, consisting, as I had often before remarked, of gnarled, twisted, aged trees, which occupied the same ground, and had doubtless descended, with only a generation or two intervening, from the same sacred stock (supposed to have been planted by Minerva) as those which shaded Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and other philosophers and disciples of the ancient Greeks. We could almost fancy that the spirits of those wise men wandered near us. The two thousand years that had elapsed

since they walked where we walked, bending their steps, perhaps, toward the same Eleusis to which we were journeying, seemed to be nothing. Those ages have recorded their existence upon the marble pillars of the temples, and on all the ruins which crown the summit of the once splendid and still grand and beautiful Acropolis; but here, in the darkness of the night, in solitude and silence, time itself seemed to slumber; there was no sign of life to mark its progress, and every object round us appeared to be calm and changeless. The same mountains frowned upon us as upon the ancient Athenians; the same Cephissus murmured near us; the same sky was above us, and the same earth beneath. No wonder, then, that the centuries which separated us from them were for a time forgotten, and that the dead heroes and philosophers, whose haunts we traversed, seemed to be almost neighbours. And in one sense it may indeed be said that they still live; their works survive; we cherish their memory with respect and admiration; their patriotic zeal, their energy and self-devotion, their noble efforts in the cause of learning, and civilisation, and truth—such truth as they could attain to—are fresh in our recollection; and we honour them the more for their deeds, because their light was dim, their talents few, their knowledge ignorance in all that most concerns mankind. Alas! that such splendid monuments of human power and wisdom should remain only to tell us that their authors *were*.

After crossing the river Cephissus, which is but a small stream now, which one might clear at a bound, and on the banks of which innumerable tortoises creep about among the reeds and bushes, we began gradually to ascend the defile leading to Daphne. The road we traversed is one of the very few in Greece passable for carriages: it leads by Eleusis and Platea to Thebes; but there is very little traffic, and we proceeded a long distance without meeting any living creature; the darkness became more and more intense as we advanced; the road we trod was almost invisible; the outline of the lofty hills on either side could be traced with difficulty against the dark sky above; the silence was most impressive, and the feeling of loneliness extreme.

Suddenly a voice was heard, at no great distance, from the hill-side above us. Some one hailed us in Greek. We answered not, for this was a language we never spoke except in cases of necessity, and then our sentences were short and few. Presently the voice was again heard nearer, and a moment afterwards something came bursting from the bushes above us, and, scrambling down the bank (head first, I believe), fell with a bump and a groan at my companion's feet. We stopped to examine it, and as it rose slowly from the ground, discerned the outline of a tall man, clad in the costume of the Greek peasants. No sooner did the figure stand erect than, raising his hands, he began to tear violently at his hair, crying and sobbing and yelling, like a passionate child under the whip. We waited till the first burst of rage was over, and then ventured to inquire, as best we could, if he were much hurt. On hearing our foreign pronunciation he recovered himself at once, and broke forth into a mingled torrent of complaint and supplication. He

told us that he was the most miserable of mortals; that dark fate had frowned upon him from the first moment of his birth; he was an exile, hungry, foot-sore, in rags, without money or home, deceived by his friends, and persecuted by his foes; and that all these things had come upon him because he was a bold and honest patriot, and only wished to fight and die for his country. His tears, his lamentations, and his hapless fate, reminded me (it was a vile comparison) of Achilles, who

"To fates averse, and nursed for future woes,"

"Sat bathed in tears of anger and disdain,
And loud lamented to the stormy main."

We learnt in due time that the unhappy man before us was a Cretan. He had taken part in the insurrection of the Greeks in Candia in the year 1841. He had been hunted from hill to hill, and from one hiding-place to another, by the Turks under Tahir Pasha, and after enduring incredible privations had been rescued from imminent death by an English ship, which brought him with some hundreds of others, companions in misfortune, to the shores of Greece. Since then he had been wandering to and fro, sleeping under bushes, way-laying travellers, I suppose, as he had way-laid us, to beg, and was now making his way to Athens, where he hoped to find employment.

Hearing that we were journeying towards Eleusis, he resolved to be our guide: it was in vain for us to forbid this. I believe he knew little more of the road than we did, and we wanted no such companion; but go he would, and before this point was settled we reached Daphne. Here we found a wine-shop, which we entered together in search of coffee or some other refreshment. It was nearly twelve o'clock, yet there were several men collected together, singing and playing cards, while some of the host's family slept soundly upon a wretched mattress, stretched under the benches in one corner of the room. The card-playing was carried on with the most animated and eager gesticulations; not a card was laid upon the table without some accompanying word or gesture of anxiety or triumph, and every game ended either in a quarrel or in tears and lamentations. The songs were of a most unmusical and doleful character; they seemed to be performed without words or metre, and to consist of a long wavering drawl, the voice rising at intervals into a nasal flourish, and then sinking again into its dronish burthen. There was no distinction of verses, or otherwise; and, for any internal evidence to the contrary, the song might have been without beginning and without end. We procured here a cup of resin wine, a drink that reminds one at first of small beer strongly flavoured with the cask, but which by habit becomes very agreeable and refreshing.

Our companion had in the meantime sat down to play cards with a sturdy Greek, to whom he staked the twenty-five lepta piece which we had just before given him. Seeing him thus absorbed we slipped out of the house, but had scarcely gone a dozen yards when he burst from the door, evidently a loser, deploring his hopeless fate, and calling loudly upon the "lords, strangers," who

had so treacherously deserted him. We kept silence, and walked on as quickly as we could; and as he still followed us, we stepped aside into a deserted building, forming part of the monastery of Daphne, which has long been in ruins. We heard him pass by us, and after a time return with many sighs and lamentations, and when he was quite gone we emerged and proceeded on our journey: not *alone*, however; if we had lost one troublesome companion, we had each gained fifty. A little straw, on which perhaps our Cretan friend, or some other outcast of the fates, had once reposed, furnished us with an army of light infantry, so active, so hungry, and so insatiable, that our distress became almost unbearable. The feats and manipulations we executed, however ingenious, were useless; our sticks took effect merely upon our own harassed bodies, and we had only to continue our journey with a quicker pace. We were, moreover, not altogether free from alarm in respect to other depredators than those; we had heard at Athens that the neighbouring country was infested with robbers, and several dreadful stories of their wanton cruelty recurred to our minds as we traversed that dark and lonely road. Our recent companion had enlarged on the same topic, with a view probably to induce us to value his company and protection; but we did not give much credit to his words. We remembered the old saying of one of his own countrymen, "The Cretans are always liars;" and though we would not employ this in its wide application now, we could easily believe that he at least came under the old description.

At length, as we were descending a steep hill, the moon, whose twilight had preceded her, rose from the quiet bosom of the bay of Salamis, which lay outspread before us. It was a lovely sight, and one so full of comfort and relief to us poor jaded pedestrians, that our delight and admiration could scarcely be repressed. The shore was within a mile of us: our road led directly towards it. The broad sheet of white light upon the water became broader as the moon rose gradually above the horizon, and the hills behind us, with the trees and rocks on either side, became gradually visible. I have seen many spots more grand and picturesque, but none has ever impressed me so much as that gradually changing scene. Sunrise is a glorious sight; but the rising of the moon from the calm land-locked sea is, I think, even more grand and more imposing.

Having here, by stripping off some of our garments, got rid of our troublesome companions, we started again at a brisk pace on our journey. We passed what seemed to be a small salt lake on the right hand, and on its edge a mill turned by its waters; and a little farther on encountered a singular procession, which in the distance seemed very like a series of walking hay-stacks. As it approached, we discovered it to be a train of mules laden with corn, piled up so high above them, and stretching out so far on either side, that the poor animals were almost buried beneath their burthen. It was an incident quite in character with the locality; for we were now very near Eleusis, and could not but remember the solemn procession which took place there in ancient days in honour of Ceres, when the produce of the earth, especially barley,

was carried about, not indeed silently upon the backs of overladen mules, but accompanied by bands of worshippers, who sang and danced, and cried "Hail Ceres!" and made a clattering noise with brazen kettles.

We inquired of the mule driver how far we were distant from Eleusis. "He did not know, he had never heard of such a place. Lefsina was but a little farther on, about six stadia; perhaps the masters meant Lefsina?" The masters supposed they did mean Lefsina, and were much obliged to him. The *u* in modern Greek is always pronounced either as *f*, or *v*; and the lower classes have a habit of dropping some syllables from their words, and adding others: thus, Eleusis became Lefsina, the termination being, perhaps, a diminutive, borrowed, like many modern Greek terms, from the Italians, and therefore well applied in this instance to an insignificant village occupying the site of a once important town.

We found every house in Eleusis closed, and were compelled to return reluctantly, and make our bed till sun-rise in a stubble field. We lay for a long time shivering and sleepless, till the sound of something treading lightly on the stubble and sniffing about near our heads aroused us, and on rising up, a huge jackal appeared close to us. On raising my stick to strike him, he turned round and ran away; but I attempted to sleep no more that night. I walked about till morning dawned, and then made directly for the village, a poor squalid place inhabited by few persons besides labourers and fishermen, chiefly Albanians. We climbed over some broken palings, and passing through what seemed to be a pigstye, discovered presently a little wine-shop, the door of which was just opened. It consisted of two rooms, the outer of which was divided by a counter, forming behind it a small stall or bin, fitted up as a shop for wine, and some few household necessities; the other room was used as a sleeping apartment for all the family. The landlord having welcomed us, and pointed to some broad wooden benches fixed against the wall, we lay down to sleep while he prepared our breakfast. This was to consist of eggs, and "he knew what else;" the eggs being the only thing we insisted upon as being clean and eatable. He began his work by lighting a fire of wood on the stone floor in one corner of the room; and as there was no chimney, the smoke passed through the room and made its escape by the door. As if in rivalry, the host now lighted a long pipe made of wood, with a huge metal bowl, and while puffing away with great complacency, busied himself in preparing his stock of plates and dishes for our repast: these he polished with his sleeve, using now and then the ample folds of his nether garments. As soon as the fire was sufficiently lighted, he placed over it a fryingpan, into which he poured a quantity of oil; when this began to splutter and boil, he tapped the eggs upon the edge of it, and poured them into the hot abyss. Alas! our clean and wholesome eggs! I cried out in despair, entreating him to boil them with the shells on.

"Softly, softly," he answered, pawing at me with his long brown fingers, and stirring the pan meanwhile with the stem of his pipe, which he had taken from his mouth for that purpose. I resigned

myself and closed my eyes, not choosing to see the evil which I could not remedy.

When I opened them again, our breakfast was on the table. It consisted of a fortified fowl; the bird in question being surrounded by a rampart of boiled rice and a moat of stagnant greasy sauce, and provisioned inside with garlic, onions, and some savoury herbs; the only other dish, if such it could be called, (being served in the frying pan in consequence of a dearth of crockery,) was a compost of eggs, oil, and chopped garlic, the same that I had watched so uneasily during its preparation. Knives and forks were not only dirty, but scarce, and my efforts to gather up the rice with a fork having two prongs, not of equal length, but like a thumb and finger, reminded me of the lady in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," who was accustomed, when eating her pilau, to pick up the grains of rice one by one with a toothpick.

A hungry-looking Albanian leant against the door-post all the while we were eating, smoking his pipe with gravity, and watching us as we plied our inconvenient implements; and a woman, with her head wrapped up in a handkerchief, and three or four children, some of them wrapped up in nothing at all, stood just outside the door, making grimaces at us and evidently desiring to join our party at breakfast. We gave the remains of our repast to her and the children, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing both the pan and the crockery cleared most effectually for the next comers.

After a little rest, we sallied forth in search of the ruins of the town and temple of Eleusis: these are but a short distance from the village, and about half a mile from the sea; formerly the city was connected with its port by long walls, the remains of which are still to be seen. The plain thus enclosed is supposed to have been the spot on which corn was first sowed. The temple was dedicated to Ceres, and in it were performed, every fifth year, the Eleusinian mysteries, the most celebrated of all the religious ceremonies of ancient Greece. Of the object of these rites little is known: they are generally believed to have been characterised by the grossest immorality and superstition, this being a natural consequence of the secret and nocturnal assemblies which were held at their celebration; but it has been also supposed that they were originated by men who desired to overthrow the vulgar system of polytheism, to declare the unity of God and some other doctrines approaching, though distantly, to the truth, and which it was necessary to keep secret on account of the general prejudice in favour of the old and absurd mythology.

For one that had been initiated to betray the secrets was accounted the most heinous crime, so that none would dare to abide in the same house with such a wretch, lest some prodigy of divine vengeance should occur to destroy him. Candidates for initiation were brought by night, after due preparation, to the temple. Having purified themselves, the laws or mysteries were read to them from a large book, made of two stones cemented together. Strange and amazing objects presented themselves to their sight during this part of the ceremony; the place seemed to quake, and to appear suddenly resplendent with fire, and immediately afterwards enveloped in profound and awful

darkness. Sometimes thunders seemed to shake the buildings, and flashes of lightning appeared on every side; then hideous noises and howlings were heard, and the trembling spectators were alarmed by sudden and dreadful apparitions.

The religious ceremonies of every heathen country seem to have derived their origin from a corrupt tradition originating in the truth. Greek and Roman mythology, though so utterly impious and immoral, furnishes an indirect testimony to the truth of Holy Writ. Even the names of some of the heathen gods are derived from the patriarchs of the Bible, as Apollo, the god of music, from Tubal (pronounced Yaval) "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," and Vulcan, the forger of thunderbolts, from Tubal Cain (pronounced Tuval Cain), "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." This is a digression, but it lends probability to the idea that the mysterious ceremonies of Eleusis derived their origin from the sacred rites of the Jews. The most holy place of the tabernacle, into which the priest alone might enter, and which God himself preserved from violation by punishing with death the men of Beth-shemesh, "fifty thousand, three-score and ten men," who looked into the ark, may have suggested the secrecy of the Eleusinian rites, and the belief that whoever revealed them would be destroyed by the vengeance of the gods. The laws or doctrines inscribed upon the two tables of stone and read by the priest to those who were initiated in the midst of thunderings and lightnings and other awful apparitions, originated probably in the traditions received from the Israelites, and handed down by the neighbouring Gentile nations, of the delivery of the law on Mount Sinai.

Near the temple may be seen some portions of the pavement of the Via Sacra, or sacred road, along which solemn processions moved on the days when the mysteries were celebrated; and to the left of this are several arches, the remains of an aqueduct by which the city of Eleusis was supplied with water. Eleusis is supposed to derive its name from the Greek word "Eleutho"—I come—because Ceres, after seeking her daughter Proserpine through the whole world, came here at last and ended her search. A colossal statue of Ceres, the work of Phidias, was dug up here, and after having suffered many mutilations, was brought about fifty years ago to England, and deposited in the vestibule of the public library at Cambridge.

Having satisfied our curiosity among these ruins, and paid a visit also to the remains of an amphitheatre near the sea, we returned to Lefsinia, very much tired and exhausted with the heat, and resolved not to go back to Athens on foot if any means of conveyance could be obtained. To sail down the gulf of Salonica, and land at the Piræus would have been an easy but somewhat lengthy route: a boat might have been hired; and we should have crossed the beautiful bay in which Themistocles with his fleet of 380 ships defeated the whole naval force of the Persians, amounting to above 2000 vessels; but it was hardly to be expected that we could accomplish this before nightfall, and therefore we preferred the land route, if we could find conveyance. This at length offered itself in the shape of a square box, mounted upon a pair of rickety wheels, and drawn by a rough, meagre,

dilapidated animal of most forlorn appearance. We could almost have supposed that he had been dug up, like the statue of Ceres, from the ruins of the temple; and I am sure if he were transferred to the vestibule of the library at Cambridge, he would excite almost as much surprise as that work of Phidias. We were glad to engage him, however, upon the representation of the driver that he was an animal of extraordinary powers and merits; and after an hour's rest at the khan, which in regard to its capability of ministering to the necessities of travellers, would have been more properly designated a *khan-not*, we started on our homeward journey. Our horse did indeed distinguish himself; but not in the way our driver had predicted; for whereas other horses go forward, *i. e.* with their head first, this animal, supposing perhaps that we were not yet satisfied with the entertainment at our khan (as indeed we were not), persisted in walking backwards, forcing the little box in which we sat into the doorway of the inn, and thereby enveloping our heads in a dense cloud of smoke which issued from it. After many vain attempts we started in the right direction. Our steed was so strange, both in conduct and appearance, that we hardly knew whether to pronounce him horse, or mule, or ass; the driver said he was an "álogo," but we set him down as an Eleusinian mystery. The manner of his progress was in keeping with his name. No one knew when he would stop or when he would go on; he consulted no one's wishes, but seemed to act upon his own secret impulse, and to go backwards or forwards, fast, slow, or not at all, as the humour seized him. Sometimes he would halt with his head between his legs, as if in a profound meditation; then, having solved the problem, he would start off suddenly at full gallop, upsetting the driver backwards into the little box and nearly shaking us, in spite of all our efforts, from the narrow edge on which we sat. The driver made all sorts of noises to stimulate, propitiate, and guide his curious animal, but with no result whatever: and often he was obliged to descend and turn the creature's head in the right direction, and lead him onwards towards our destination. Whether we should ever have arrived there or not, if we had adhered to the vehicle, I cannot tell. We might have gone to Thebes, perhaps, or to Sparta instead; but as we were ascending the hill to Daphne (so famous in our memory for the activity of its inhabitants), we chanced to meet a row of mules and donkeys laden with hay, and our driver, abandoning the reins to my care (as a mere matter of form), descended and began a game at cards by the roadside with their leader. The game was not of long duration. Our driver had staked, I know not what, against a truss of hay, and we were happy for the sake of "the mystery," who seemed to be deeply interested in the proceeding, to see that he had won. Greeks of the lower orders seem to carry gambling into many of their ordinary transactions: the rule appears to be that they will pay double for what they want, or else not pay at all; and the application of this rule depends upon the issue of a game at dominoes or cards. Our steed having refreshed himself, started in his own time, and brought us as far as Daphne, where we recognised the wine shop in which we had halted on the pre-

ceding night. He stopped here, and absolutely refused to go any further. We therefore abandoned our seats with a good grace, and proceeded on foot to Athens.

As we began to descend the mountain declivity and issued from the defile, the view that met our gaze was most magnificent. The city with its acropolis, surmounted by the temple of Minerva, its marble columns gleaming in the sunshine, and in front of it Mars'-hill, and the still almost perfect temple of Theseus, occupied the centre of the picture. On the right, the blue sea and the distant islands, and the far-stretching promontory of Sunium, bounded the view; and in the distance rose the purple hills of Hymettus, and the lofty peaks of mount Pentelicus. The clear bright sky above us, and the beautiful valley below, the dark grove of olive trees, the rugged rocks of Lycabettus and the Pnyx, the broken monuments that stood on every height and in the plain below, combined to form a picture full of deep meaning and instruction, that told of the power and goodness and eternity of Him who made the world and sky, and the weakness and nothingness of man who dwells and occupies himself therein.

Descending into the plain, we rested under the shade by the banks of the Cephissus till sunset, and then walked gently home to our hotel at Athens.

THE BIBLE A LIGHT IN TIMES OF DARKNESS.—

It is the darkness which makes the lantern so welcome. And it is the darkness of the sick-room or the house of mourning, in which this "night lamp" emits all its heavenliness. You will find it so. Fond as you are of books, there is only one that you will value at last; and with your head on the pillow, you will hardly care to be told that a new volume of the great history is published, or a marvellous epic outpeering all its predecessors. "No: read me the twenty-third Psalm. Let me hear the fourteenth of John." When your strength sinks yet lower—when your interest in all under the sun has faded away, and ebbing life affords not even a parting tear, it will for a moment rally the worn faculties to hear the whisper: "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." And when all is over, when to orphan children and desolate kindred the world is grown a great sepulchre, and the most tender friends are vain comforters; when letters of condolence lie unopened, and words of compassion fall like hailstones on the heart,—the first thing that sends a warm ray into the gloom and brings to the eye tears that are not bitter, is when Jesus himself breaks the silence, and you hear: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "What are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Hamilton's "Lamp and Lantern."

Varieties.

AN admirable little pamphlet, of small cost, has lately been published by a warm-hearted and experienced friend of the working classes, entitled, "THE SAVINGS BANK AND THE FIRESIDE,"* which we earnestly commend to the attention of the sons and daughters of industry. It is a miniature cyclopedia of important facts and good advice on matters relating to the physical, sanitary, social, and domestic welfare of the people. We have great pleasure in presenting a few extracts taken at random.

IMPROVIDENCE OF THE WORKING CLASSES.—So little true independence is there amongst these classes, that out of 120 factory works in Glasgow, there are 64 which have clubs to procure goods on credit. Two workers, one the principal, the other the surety, make themselves jointly and severally liable to pay at the rate of one shilling per week, for a gown-piece or a shawl valued at 20s. A week's payment may be omitted; prosecution instantly begins. Wages are stopped, and the law served, costs 3s. 3d., and so on. Not less than 800 persons are maintained at the expense of these victims of clubs. Twenty-one shillings was the price charged to a young factory worker by a club, for what could be bought in any retail shop in Glasgow for 16s. 9d. Thus are the poor fleeced by their pretended friends.

Had the factory girls of Glasgow more true independence and spirit amongst them, and had they, like the factory girls of Lowell, United States, been in the habit of laying by money in the savings bank, they would not be beholden to the sharks of the club, but they could at any time draw out a sovereign from the bank, call at the best shop in Glasgow, and purchase such a shawl as best suited their fancy at the price, and after all have nearly five shillings left in their purse. Which is the better way? The lassie who had the shawl in one hand, and five silver shillings in the other, could smile and tell.

THE CARNAGE FROM PREVENTIBLE DISEASES.—Recent returns from the war-office show that during 22 years of war there were 13,796 killed, and 79,709 wounded, giving an annual average of 899 killed, and 3823 wounded. To this sad destruction of human life we apply the words "carnage" and "butchery," and imagination shrinks appalled from even the conception of the terrific agonies endured. But could we have taken a survey of England and Wales in 1848-9, we should have seen that there were localities at home which were then equally "fields of death." During these two years there were no fewer than 72,180 persons killed by cholera and diarrhoea; out of 144,360 attacked, 34,397 of the killed were able-bodied persons, capable of getting their own living. When we add that besides these deaths, 115,000 die annually on an average from diseases that could be prevented, there is revealed a home slaughter, in the midst of England's cottage homes, as bloody as the carnage on many a battle field. One eminent man, Dr. Lyon Playfair, estimates that more people are annually slain, in England alone, by typhus, than fell at Waterloo; and that the cost of preventable disease and death in England is nearly 20,000,000*l.* a year. Another writer, W. Lee, esq., of the Board of Health, states: "It has been found by medical men, that for every death in excess, there have been at the least 28 cases of sickness, the expense of which cannot be less than one pound per case, and that the cost of preventable disease is equal to the whole public revenue of the country."

Is it not lamentable to read these returns, and find how the industrious classes of the land are literally "mown down" by the scythe of disease and death? Let us for an instant glance at a very common case. The father has felt unwell during the day whilst at his work. "A weakness has come over him;" "something has ailed him; he feels poorly;" but he knows not the reason why. Sickness and suffering fasten upon their victim, and positive disease breaks out, and hurries him to a premature grave. Dark the home, and blank the prospects, and blighted the hearts of mother and children when a father is thus taken away. Calculate the loss to the family of a working man, if, from being of intemperate habits, or living in an unhealthy

neighbourhood, he dies at 30 instead of 50. Twenty year of a father's affection, and care, and industry are lost to that family. Suppose he had 17*s.* a week, and that 7*s.* a week about paid for his own food and clothing. This would leave 10*s.* a week for the benefit of his wife and family. Ten shillings a week is 26*l.* a year, and 26*l.* a year is 520*l.* in 20 years. Reckoning interest at three per cent., about the savings bank rate, it would come to 688*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.*; but supposing that it had been employed in some building and investment society, or upon mortgage, and yielded five per cent., it would amount to 859*l.* 16*s.* in 20 years. In 22 years it would be 1001*l.* 5*s.*, which laid out at five per cent. would bring in 50*l.* a year.

VALUE OF FRESH AIR.—Working men of England familiarise yourselves with these truths. Talk of them by the fireside. Rise early some summer's morning, and walking to the summit of the nearest hill, inhale the breeze that wafts around you. Pause for an instant, and go in imagination to the sea coast of England. Gaze on the blue Atlantic sea. Watch the ever-rolling waves, and think of the unseen Power that morning after morning brings across that mighty ocean, still mightier oceans of fresh and health-inspiring air, for the use of man. Watch, also, the glorious sunshine, as it gives life and beauty to the landscape round. Listen to the awakening birds as they attune their morning songs to the sun's first rays. Listen to the gladness and melody that warbles from every grove. Remember that your heavenly Father sends the sunshine for all to receive its rays. After noticing its gladdening influence on every hand, walk slowly home, past noisome cellars, through narrow streets, and by gloomy courts. As you breathe the stagnant air, and mark the pale and sickly children playing all around, inquire, "Would not these pale cheeks soon blossom like the rose, could they but play amidst the sunshine and fresh air?" And as you sit at breakfast, repeat to your family the morning's lesson. Tell them that the light and warmth of the sun are so conducive to health, that in some extensive barracks there were twice as many soldiers on the sick list on the north side as there were on the sunny side. Tell them that scrofula and many other diseases are now traced almost entirely to the want of fresh pure air for the lungs, and that our Creator has for wise purposes so constituted the lungs, that a full grown and healthy person requires 15 pints of pure air every minute, and 57 hogsheads every day. Tell them that it is in the lungs that the digested food is changed into living blood, a change that cannot be perfectly made unless the lungs be supplied with an abundance of fresh healthy life-giving air.

Encourage them to open the bed-room windows every morning, so that in the evening everything will smell sweet, though not as if you lived in the country. Tell them how pale and dingy flowers would soon look if transplanted from some sunny garden into a close and unhealthy bed-room. Explain to them that there is a great resemblance in the function of the lungs of the body and the leaves of a tree, and that a full supply of fresh and life-giving air is essential to both. Ask if they would expect that the cherries or apples upon a tree would ripen if in summer time a wall was built around and covered over with a stone roof, and all rays of the sun shut out. Ask them if potatoes, planted in a cellar, would ever be expected to be good ones. They would smile at such simplicity; and yet we see little children, the flowers in the pathway of life, pent up in back streets, immured in cellars, sleeping in unaired unhealthy rooms, and growing pale, and thin, and poorly, with such irrational treatment, until disease steps in and probably terminates their lives. Tell them that in Liverpool, for instance, these simple truths have been so much neglected, that in 1841, 40,000 people lived in 1500 courts, which were closed either at one or both ends, and that above 20,000 people lived in cellars, and that as a consequence, diseases, like some dread plague, were destroying the people so rapidly, that the average age the working classes died at, including children, was only 18 years!!

* London: Groombridge & Sons, 1854.